

VISITOR

NO. 3.

May, 1876.

Let fortune smile through life's long day;
I'll ever recall our friendship true—
Ever be thoughtful dear, of you.

Come then, sweet girl, fair, lovely maid,
Call up fond memories of the past;
Hold dear those days—be not afraid—
All hopes we'll realize at last.

May Heaven be thine, when earth shall cease
Beyond all care be thine abode;
E're Time shall end, in sweetest peace
Reclined be thou 'neath angel's wing—
Secure from ills that sin doth bring.

THE VERNAL VISITOR.

PEABODY, MASS., JUNE, 1876.

Valedictory.

Our Salutatory has been hardly spoken, when we are obliged to say to our readers, farewell. But as a visitor we came in the vernal season, and as such we go, carrying with us many pleasant recollections of the Fair. Our part in the enterprise has by no means been an easy one; but prompted by the good cause in which we labored, we struggled courageously to the end, publishing 3 editions. We have tried not to offend anybody, but to deal out impartial justice to all. We know that fairs are enterprises in which there is much rivalry and emulation, that often create bitter feelings between friends. For this reason we have been very cautious in our reports. In enumerating articles on the different tables we could not, nor did we intend to give every one in detail, but merely to take from each what was best and not common to all, and in this way present to our readers a nice variety of choice things. Therefore we hope table holders will not feel dissatisfied if all their goods have not been mentioned.

The main feature of our paper is the Sketch of Catholicity, which is as good as can be expected under the circumstances. A large amount of time and labor having been necessary in order to procure correct facts and figures. Our stories have been carefully selected to suit our readers; and our poems from home authors and from others have been well written and calculated to please the minds of the Fair patrons. We must acknowledge the good will of our advertisers who were liberal in advertising, and thus helping us pay expenses. Our thanks are due to them as well as to all who gave us any assistance. To our patrons and those with whom we formed pleasant associations during the Fair we must now say FAREWELL.

Sketch of Catholicity in America.

From the present Cathedral we turn to our own immediate vicinity. "Salem, the first town next to Plymouth settled in New England, enjoyed formerly great commercial prosperity, which was due to its position on the East Indies and China. Thus her reputation as a great trading mart introduced citizens from abroad, and among them a few Catholic families."

Father Fliton, in his account of the Church at Salem, says that Mass was first offered in the Court House, by Rev. John Thayer; but we have been informed by a resident that the first Mass was said by the Abbe De la Poterie, in a small house on the site where the Franklin Building now stands. In either case it must have been at the close of the last century that the first Mass was celebrated in Salem. Some years afterwards, among other stations, Right Rev. Bishop De Cheverus visited Salem monthly, and offered Mass in a house occupied by a Mr. Connolly, on Herbert Street. The Catholics at this time numbered about twenty-five families—three of French, and the rest of Irish nationality.

"At the close of the war of 1812, a Mr. Newport, liberated from Dartmouth prison, England, returned to his home at Salem, and, in the fervor of his zeal, commenced collecting from house to house, among the Catholics, funds for the erection of a small Church." In the "Salem Gazette," of 1820, we find that land was procured for a Church, to be 60x40 feet. The next year Mass was offered by Rev. P. McQuade, in the new Church, which had not as yet received the first coat of mortar.

"At the first visit of Bishop Fenwick, in 1826, it was plastered interiorly, but funds were as yet too limited to allow of the first coat of paint exteriorly." This Church was given in charge to Father Mahoney, who was shortly afterwards removed to its sister Church in Lowell. This clergyman, the first appointed Pastor of Salem, was succeeded by Rev. Wm. Wiley, in Sept., 1831. Under his good management the Church was completed, and on the first of January, 1832, was dedicated under the title of St. Mary's.

To Father Wiley succeeded Revs. Brady, Strain, Dr. O'Flaherty and Conway. Father James Conway labored long and zealously among his flock at Salem. He made an addition to the length of the Church, and put in galleries. But in a few years Catholicity was rapidly gaining strength, and the little Church on Mall Street was fast becoming too small for the wants of the people. In 1847, the good Pastor formed the north part of Salem into a separate Parish; purchased land on Federal Street, and commenced the erection of St. James', in which the first Mass was offered on Christmas Day, 1850. In 1853, he introduced the Sisters of Notre Dame into Salem; and having located them on Walnut Street, opened a female school under their charge. Four years later, in 1857, he laid the foundation of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, on Walnut Street, but did not live to

see it completed. He died at his residence on Mall Street, and his remains were interred in the Catholic Cemetery in that part of Salem called Northfields. A granite shaft, surmounted by a large gilded cross, marks his grave. From the Latin inscription on the marble tablet, we translate the following, which portrays the character of the man:—

"Here lies Reverend James Conway, sixth Pastor of this city, Salem, of the Diocese of Boston, a worthy Priest among the Aborigines, an illustrious missionary, distinguished by his zeal for the education of the Catholic youth, fervent in Faith, dear to all by his kindness, died in peace in the sixty-first year of his age, and twenty-sixth of his Priesthood, on the twenty-fourth day of the month of May, A. D., 1857."

May he rest in peace.

His assistant, Rev. Thomas H. Shahan, became his successor, and completed the Church, which is built of brick. In the fall of 1858, this, with the Church of St. James', was solemnly dedicated to God. Father Shahan became Pastor of St. James', and his assistant, Father Michael Hartney was placed in charge of the "Immaculate." The old St. Mary's was then closed; and thus it stands to-day an empty temple—a landmark in the Catholic history of Salem. Father Shahan, in the course of time, enlarged on Federal st. church, built a school for girls under instruction of Notre Dame Sisters, on Walnut Street. In the meantime a boys' school had been opened in each parish; they prospered for a long time, but were broken up a few years ago. Many of the boys who have now grown to manhood look back with pleasure to the days spent in those schools, and fully appreciate the thorough Catholic education therein received.

In Jan., 1868, Father Hartney met with a sudden death while visiting in Worcester; his loss was much regretted by the parishioners; his remains rest beside those of Father Conway's. He was succeeded by Father Wm. Halley, the present Pastor of the Immaculate.

In Dec., 1864, the parish of St. James' was afflicted by the loss of their beloved Pastor, who was removed to Taunton. During his time in Salem, he founded the Churches of the Annunciation, in Danvers, and the "Star of the Sea," in Marblehead. His assistant, the late Rev. Charles Rainoni, became Pastor at Danvers, and also attended Marblehead. After a short time he was removed to the latter place and became permanent Pastor. He commenced in Marblehead a few Church, which was burned, while in course of erection, by lightning, as is reported. This saintly old Priest departed this life in Jan., 1875. His successor, Father Daniel Healy, the present Pastor, has enlarged and beautified the old Church on Gregory Street. The second permanent Pastor of Danvers was Father Riley, who was succeeded by the present one, Father P. Halley. Father Shahan has done much, not only here but elsewhere, for the promotion of Catholicity and education. He is at present Pastor of St. James', Harrison Avenue, Boston. His successor was the Rev. Wm. J. Daly, whose stay was short, but who had won for himself the esteem of all. He now has charge of St. Gregory's, Haverhill. He left Salem in Oct., 1868, and was succeeded by his assistant, the present Pastor, Rev. John J. Gray.

In 1867, the City Orphan Asylum, of Salem, in charge of the Sisters of Charity, who also visit the sick and poor of the city and its suburbs, was founded by the generosity of Thomas Looby, Esq., and was incorporated on Feb. 10th, 1871. The Asylum was first located on Bridge Street, but a beautiful brick building has since been erected on Lafayette Street, where a large number of children and a few old people are carefully provided for by the good Sisters.

On June 30th, 1872, the French Catholics, of Salem, commenced to have Mass said for themselves, and a sermon preached in French by Rev. M. Harkins, (now of Arlington) every Sunday in the Church of the Immaculate Conception. They soon purchased the 'Sailors' Bethel, on Herbert Street, and fitted it up for a Church, bearing the name of St. Joseph. A French Pastor, Rev. Father Boucher, was placed in charge Nov. 20th, 1873; he was removed to Lawrence, Easter Monday, 1875, and was succeeded by the present Pastor, Rev. Father Talbot.

We now have come to the year 1868. Father Gray has been appointed Pastor of St. James'; two years later he undertakes the foundation of St. John's Church, Peabody. In the year 1855, this town, containing a population of six thousand, was set off from Danvers, and called South Danvers. It was re-named, in 1868, in honor of the great Philanthropist, George Peabody, Esq. Even as late as fifty years ago it was a regular New England town of the Puritan stamp. The first Catholic Irishman, who took up his residence here, was a Mr. Michael Cary. He, with Messrs. Wm. Dalton and John Collins, were all the Irish Catholics that this town could boast of forty-five or fifty years ago. The only known Catholic before their time was a man who came here from Portugal during the Revolution. His name was Emmanuel Chisim; he was

then twelve years old. The old lady, Mrs. Dalton, still living in Dalton's Court, is his daughter. She tells us that her father used to go to Boston once a month to Mass. Previous to Mr. Cary's time, an Irishman was only an imaginary being in this locality. It is said that when a certain Mr. Rodney Southwick brought four Irishmen from New York to work for him, he could not find anybody to board them, so strong was the prejudice of the people. And it was not till Mr. Cary opened a boarding house that the town received any Irish residents. Soon, however, the different railroads began to be constructed, and with the railroads came the foreign element, as the Irishmen were termed. The extensive leather manufactures carried on here caused an influx of people, and among them a large number of Catholics. At first they attended Mass in St. Mary's Church, Salem, and afterwards at St. James'. The history of this town is closely allied with that of Salem. For several years, Sunday after Sunday, often twice in one day, the Catholics of Peabody traveled to Church in Salem. They always contributed generously towards the erection of the Churches there, and for all the improvements made. They waited patiently, and anxiously looked forward to the day when they might worship in their own Church. At last their hopes began to be realized. Father Gray, soon after his appointment as Pastor of St. James', commenced to take up subscriptions for a Church in Peabody. In May, 1870, he held a Fair in Mechanic Hall, Salem, for the same purpose. The Fair, which continued two weeks, netted the handsome sum of \$7,000. Sufficient money having been obtained, land was purchased of Mr. Thomas E. Proctor, for \$10,000. This lot of land, in the rear of Chestnut Street, is that on which the carrying establishment of Mr. Abel Proctor formerly stood.

In May, 1871, ground was broken for the Church, which is built of brick, with granite trimmings. The style is Romanesque, commonly called Gothic. Its length is 146 feet; width, 73; height of tower, when finished, 156. It is the largest and most expensive Church in town, and will cost about \$75,000, of which sum \$44,000 are already contracted. The plans of the Church were furnished by Mr. James Murphy, of Providence; the excavation was performed on separate contract by Mr. John Linehan. The masonry was by Messrs. Gillicuddy & Sullivan, of Medford; the stone-cutting by Mr. Parker, of Boston; the carpentry by Andrew Sullivan & Sons, of Medford; the slating by Mr. J. J. Gray, of East Boston; the plastering of basement by Mr. Peter McCann, of Chelsea; the pews in basement were built by Messrs. Cutler & Payson, of Holliston, Maine; and the altar by Messrs. Smith & Crane, of New York. The laying of the corner-stone took place on Sunday afternoon, Aug. 26th, 1871, when about five thousand persons assembled to witness the ceremonies. All the Catholic Societies of Salem marched in procession, each wearing its respective regalia. In Peabody they were received by the American Hibernian Benevolent Society.

Right Rev. Bishop Jean J. Williams, of Boston, officiated, and Rev. Father Hecker, superior of the Paulists, preached an eloquent sermon in relation to the progress of the Catholic Church in America. On Christmas Day, 1871, Rev. J. J. Gray celebrated first Mass in the basement, and delivered an interesting discourse, in which he congratulated the congregation and Catholics of Peabody on being able to worship for the first time in this town in an edifice which was worthy of their efforts, and one on which was raised the emblem of their religion. A large number was in attendance, although there were as yet no pews. The Church was not opened again for public worship, till Sept., 1872, when the basement was completed and over 200 pews put in. There was from that time one Mass said every Sunday by a Priest from St. James'. In Dec., 1873, the Sunday School was organized with nearly 500 pupils. Mr. James Fallon was appointed Superintendent of the boys, and Miss Mary Callahan of the girls. The next year there were two Masses every Sunday. In Dec., 1874, Father Gray, who had charge of the Church, preached a farewell sermon to the people and recommended them to his assistant and successor, Rev. M. J. Masterson, who now became the first-resident Pastor of Peabody on the 10th of the same month.

In Jan., 1875, the Sunday School Teachers held a meeting at which they organized the St. John's Sunday School Association. The object of the organization is the welfare of the Sunday School. The funds accruing from monthly assessments and picnics, etc., are expended for charitable purposes. Many destitute children have been relieved from its Treasury. The Society realized a handsome sum of \$177 from the Lecture delivered last Feb., by Mr. W. G. Dix, who is now an Honorary Member. The present officers are Rev. M. J. Masterson, President, *ex officio*; Vice Presidents—Mr. James Fallon, 3d term, and Miss Mary A. Dervan. 1st Secretary—P. J. Cody, 3d term. 2d Secretary—Miss M. E. Mahoney, 2d term. Treasurer—Mr. Chas. H. Tigh, Sr., 2d term. There is also an Investigating and a Charity Committee. There

is a membership of 100. The Parochial residence was purchased May 16th, 1871.

In the summer of 1875 the organ was put in the basement and a choir organized under charge of Miss Flora B. Bryant, of Andover. When this young choir had been sufficiently trained, Vesper was sung for the first time on the first Sunday of last October, Miss Bryant continuing as organist. The Rosary and Scapular Societies were now formed, and also the Sodality, viz: 1st Sodality for married women, another for young ladies, a 3d for little girls and a 4th for boys.

In speaking of these different Societies we should not omit the two others, which are older than any yet mentioned. The one is the American Hibernian Benevolent Association, organized Jan. 21st, 1871, by members of the Young Men's Literary Society, which was organized Sept. 15th, 1858, and was the first Irish Society in town. The Society prospered till the breaking out of the war, when literary pursuits were abandoned for the more active duties of military life. In 1870 the Society was re-organized under the original name, but in 1871 the present name and constitution were adopted. The present officers are: President—John O'Connell. Vice President—John Linehan. Secretary—Peter Dounelly. Assistant Secretary—Jas. H. Thomas. Treasurer—Dennis F. Callaghan. Directors—Dennis Gibbons, James McGeary, Edward Barrett, John Pease, Patrick Heffernan; Visiting Committee—James Sherray, James Quirk, Wm. Sullivan, Edward Sherray, James Sullivan; Librarian—Thos. McGeary; Assistant Librarian—Patrick Hannon.

The other Organization is the St. John's C. T. A. Society, organized March 8th, 1872, with 25 members, by Rev. J. J. Gray, who became its spiritual Director. The Society in the past few years has grown strong and done much to promote the cause of Temperance among the Catholics of Peabody. It now numbers 90 men in good standing. The officers are: Spiritual Director—Rev. M. J. Masterson; President—Michael Phelan; Vice President—Wm. Croughwell; Recording Secretary—David Nolan; Corresponding Secretary—Felix Cassidy; Financial Secretary, Thos. Eagan; Treasurer—Wm. J. McCarthy; Board of Directors—John O'Brine, John Gillroy, James O'Donnell, John Daily and Timothy Darrigan; Investigating Committee—James Renix, Eniss Daily, together with three officers of the Society. In connection with this Association are the Temperance Cadets, organized by Rev. Father Gray, Nov. 24th, 1874. They have a pretty blue uniform, trimmed with red, also guns, and are efficiently drilled under Mr. James Renix. Their officers are Masters Thos. Green, John Gill and William Frame. Their membership is 75.

Now at last we have come to the year 1876; to the time when the parishioners are holding a Fair for the purpose of completing the Church already well begun. The Societies have been organized, a Church and Pastor are in our midst, and all we now desire is the entire completion of the Church. How rapid has been the growth of Catholicity in this town. Fifty years ago there was but one, to-day there are 3000. Thus has the Church progressed in Peabody, in Massachusetts and in America. To tell its history in this town is to tell its history in almost every town in the County and in the State, on the wave-washed shores of New England and on the mountain slopes of the distant Pacific. Throughout this vast Republic, which 400 years ago was but a desert, are flourishing cities and towns, each with its goodly number of Catholic worshippers, Churches, Colleges, Schools and Convents. America is now graced with a Cardinal, and Boston, the seat of our own Diocese, with an Archbishop.

From the Catholic Directory of 1875 we find that there were in this Diocese 100 Churches completed, 178 Priests, and a Catholic population of 310,000 souls. The Church has extended and will extend and flourish till the end of time. Her suffering here is but a renewal of her strength, so that when the Church Militant shall cease on earth, the Church Triumphant may continue in Heaven.

We regret that the sale of our paper was not sufficient to encourage us to publish more than three editions, as we had prepared several articles worthy of general perusal which we were unable to publish.

Mr. James Mulcahy was victorious in the voting contest for the whip. Several articles have been raffled among which are piece of Cloth won by Mr. James H. Thomas; a Quilt by Mrs. Chas. Cassidy.

The New Engine Company at South Peabody, has withdrawn from, and the Volunteer entered the contest for the Firemen's trumpet.

The Fair after a continuance of three weeks and two days, will close next Tuesday evening.

A FRENCH gentleman who supposed he had mastered the English language was sadly puzzled one day, when a friend looked at him and said: "How do you do?" "Do vat?" "I mean, how do you find yourself?" "Saire, I never loses myself." "But how do you feel?" "Smooth; you just feel me."

Fair Calendar.

June 2 and 3. Business quiet.
June 5th. The Temperance Cadets of Peabody, escorted Father Gray's Cadets of Salem, to the Fair this evening. Between the companies there was a competitive drill for a sword and belt, which were awarded to the Salem Cadets. Capt. Ward, of the S. M. L. Infantry acted as judge. The Salem boys made some good wheeling, but the marching of the Peabody boys was done in veteran style.

June 6th. The Catholic Societies of this town together with the Naumkeag Band, of Salem, paraded the streets this evening previous to coming into the Fair where a very pleasant time was spent. The Cadets went through the bayonet exercise to the admiration of all.

June 7th. The Peabody Fire Department escorted by the Union Drum Corp, of Peabody, and the Salem Brass Band, of Salem, came to the Fair this evening. The appearance of the men in red uniform contrasted well with the bright look of the Fair.

June 8th. The St. James C. T. A. Society, of Salem, and Father Gray's Cadets marched to the Fair this evening, and were escorted by the Union Brass Band.

The Atlantic 2, won the base-ball outfit.

June 9th. The American Hibernian Benevolent Association, of Salem, and the Salem Brass Band are to visit the Fair this evening.

The Books on Salem Table, ten (10) volumes of Chambers Encyclopedia, are to be voted for this evening.

June 10th. The voting closes for the Firemen's Trumpet.

June 12th. The American Silk Flag will be voted for.

June 13th. The Gold Chalice will be given to the winning clergyman this evening.

The Fair closes.

In our last issue there were a few gifts overlooked, and a few errors as to names, all of which we take pleasure in rectifying in this.

Table No. 1. The valuable quilt here, was presented by Mr. Edward Ennis. The Needle Work Picture (Easter Cross), by Sisters of Notre Dame. A lady's dress pattern by Mrs. P. Hartnett. A pair of Lady's Boots, by Mr. N. Low, and a number of other smaller articles by ladies of this town.

Table No. 2. A ton of Coal, by Mr. T. Mullane. A Pig by Mr. C. Mullane. A Picture of Marshal McMahon, by Mr. C. H. Tigh. Sr. Bird and Cage by Mr. Dennis Shahan.

Table No. 3. A Barrel of Flour, by Mr. J. Hannon. Marble Top Table, by Mr. J. Barnes. Set of China, by Miss Riley. One pair Shirts, and shoes, by Mr. Chas. E. Teague.

Table No. 4. A Barrel of Flour, by Mr. P. McCloskey; and a pair of shoes by Mr. W. L. Pray. The Miniature Sideboard here was presented by Mr. J., not T. O'Leary, as was stated.

Table No. 6. This table is managed by Mrs. T. Fallon and Miss Katie Devine. The Encyclopedia on this table, consist of 10 volumes, not 2, as was reported. The Book-Case is by Mr. J., and not T. O'Leary. Six of the Shirts are by Mrs. Buckley, and two by Mrs. C'Neil. The handsome Doll, is by the Misses Devine's, of Cambridge St., Salem. The Engine and Hose Carriage by Mr. P. Fallon; and the Eggs and Card Basket, by Mrs. P. H. Devine.

Mr. James Mulcahy presented to this table, a Barrel of Flour.

Table No. 7. There is a Carriage Rug by Mr. Henry Dunne.

Table No. 8. The Barrel of Flour on this table is by Mr. J. T. Mahoney; and the picture of St. Elizabeth, of Hungary, by the Sisters of Notre Dame.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE. — In a city in the Far West, a young Irish girl sat weeping over a gold ring she had broken — a mother's parting gift. Finding tears were not likely to cement it, she proceeded to a jeweler's to get it repaired. The first story of this description reached she entered it, and presented the ring to a plausible, pale-faced German. He promised it would be ready on the next day at noon. Noon arrived and found her at the place. It was closed, and a placard on the window announced his removal to a distant part of the city. Up one street, down another, in the burning noontide heat, she travelled for hours, when, after a weary search, she found the store, told of her long, fatiguing walk, and asked for the ring. One was produced, and another, and another — each of them brass, but got up to tempt the eye. The one sought was not to be found. It must be lost. She was at liberty to select from any of the others.

A last appeal was made. In pleading accents she said, "Surely you would not deprive me of a mother's parting gift?" The words were magical. He, too, had a mother, and without a word he opened the drawer and gave her the ring. The holy remembrance of a mother was too much for his hardened heart to resist. No matter what his sins were, one spot remained fresh, green and pure, kept so by the mysterious and sacred influence of a mother's love. Truly, "They who rock the cradle govern the world."

Under the Willow

BY PATRICK J. CODY.

Under the willow on a soft June day,
While lying at ease on Nature's carpet green,
Now and again viewing the arched blue,
I seem in fancy lost. The purring brook
That runs my weary feet beside, uttering
Sweet music in its gentle ripples, calls
Back my straying thought. In cadence sweet it
Seems to say, thrice welcome, O lovely June!
To thee the victor's wreath we give, a meet
Reward for conquering the chill May. Long hath
Winter hoary kept our sparkling waters
Neath his winding sheets; and Spring still lin-
g'ring
In the lap of May would overcome us quite.
But thou, gentle June, with thy soft, sweet
breath
Dost nourish us. O happy Brook! would that
My life ran smoothly on untossed from care,
With kindness sparkling 'en as thy waters.
But from this reverie aroused, I hear
The Blackbird, as he pipes his tuneful lay
High in the leafy willow. And yonder
The pretty Bobolink, in his coat of
Black and yellow, introducing himself
In cheerful notes—Bobolink, chink, chink,
chink.
These sweet warblers seem to say we've come to
Spend a long holiday, for 'tis June, and
We'll gayly revels hold in every bush and bough.
E'en so should we too keep long holiday,
And make glad our neighbor's heart, and like
the
Songsters of the grove, soar in noble thought
Aloft to him whose gifts we here enjoy.
All around is life. Both cope and vale are
Animated now, and proud, they vain would
Each other vie in newest garb. Ah! how
Healing is the balm of zephyr's whispering
Through the leaves; how soothing as they kiss
our
Care-worn brow, like some spirits good, unseen.
Still thou, O June, art like man's youthful
prime,
Teeming with delights but for brief moments.
Graybeard Winter comes on apace, and with
His frozen breath makes cold our mortal clay.
Then should our spirit wing its flight to realms
Of bliss and never-fading joy—to God.

A Century.

BY LYDIA DAVIS THOMSON.

One hundred years—how long they seem
At morning time, when life is fair,
To all who dream a golden dream
While "building castles in the air."

One hundred years—how short they seem
At evening time, when shadows play,
To all who dream a hallowed dream
Of "other days" flown fast away—

All who amid the stormy war
In the long hundred years ago
Their day of Independence saw,
Alas, how few are left to know
Of what was then and since has been
Our own dear native land within.

How many wonders have been wrought,
How much of good and evil taught,
How much of both enacted here,
From then up to this hundredth year.

While all with mingled joy and pride
In all the nation far and wide,
Are gathering up old relics dear
To shine in this Centennial year—

We look down the coming years
Awaiting us with smiles and tears.
Ay, further on our thoughts will roam
Out to one hundred years to come.

We question who will fill our place
When earth shall hold another race;
What here will be—ah, who may tell—
In our dear home we love so well;

Who'll plough the soil, who'll plough the sea;
Whose hand shall fell the forest tree;
What vast improvements will be wrought
In realms of action and of thought.

What wonders, more, unfolded be—
Within the land, upon the sea;
What strange new scenes awake to life
Now all unthought will then be rife

When on his rosary Time once more
A hundred years has counted o'er,
How many dwelling here to-day
Will with these years have passed away;
How few, alas, be left to tell
If Time has served them ill or well.

Forget Me Not.

SELECTED BY N. C. C.

Forget thee!—oh, bid the whirlwind to cease,
Or stem emotion in the soul's dark cell,
Remembrance stop of that which once could
please;

Give Truth the task some varnished tale to tell;
E'en though our brightest visions might have
fled,

The mind their shadows never can forget!
Midst whirling passions of some fresh-wrought
ties,

Eternally the mind to fond remembrance flies;
No!—though fate may part, or the grave may
sever,

On blighted hopes the mind will dwell forever;
The phantoms of the past we never can forget!

Some people can always see an opportuni-
ty to find fault. Now they are calling upon
Miss Dickinson to practice what she preach-
ed when she used to lecture very eloquently
on the claims and virtues of the poor and
down-trodden working-women, because she
now acts on the stage with a diamond ring
on each finger of her left hand and two
rings on her right hand. They would have
her play Anne Boleyn in calico and brogans.
Sunday Courier.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, PEABODY.

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JOHN ANDREWS.

LIST OF ARTICLES TO BE VOTED FOR:

Table No. 1. American Silk Flag and Whip.

Table No. 6. Ten volumes of Chamber's Encyclopedia.

Table No. 7. A Gold Chalice.

Table No. 8. A Fireman's Trumpet and a Base Ball outfit.

Contestants for Flag—St. John's C. T. A. Society, Peabody; Fr. Mathew C. T. A. Society, and A. H. B. Association, Salem.

Contestants for Chamber's Encyclopedia—Dr. Fitzgerald, P. P. Higgins, and D. Mulcahy, Salem; Chas. Cassidy, P. J. Cody, Jas. Thomas, Peabody.

For Whip—James Mulcahy and T. McAniff.

Fireman's Trumpet—Torrent Company No. 3, Peabody, and Volunteer Co., No. 4, Peabody.

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No. 5—A. H. B. Association Table—Mrs. T. Lyons and Mrs. Marrs.

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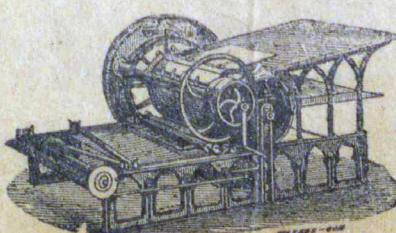
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all of which are marked at Bottom
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Elsewhere.

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58 MAIN STREET,

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When You Were Seventeen.

When the hay was mown, Maggie,
In the years long ago,
And while the western sky was rich
With sunset's rosy glow,
Then hand in hand close-linked we passed
The dewy ricks between,
And I was one-and-twenty, Mag,
And you were seventeen.

Your voice was low and sweet, Maggie;
Your wavy hair was brown;
Your cheek was like the wild red rose,
That showered its petals down;
Your eyes were like the blue speedwell,
With dewy moisture sheen,
When I was one-and-twenty, Mag,
And you were seventeen.

The spring was in our hearts, Maggie,
And all its hopes were ours;
And we were children in the fields,
Among the opening flowers.
Ay! Life was like a summer day
Amid the woodlands green,
For I was one-and-twenty, Mag,
And you were seventeen.

The years have come and gone, Maggie,
With sunshine and with shade,
And silvered is the silken hair
That o'er your shoulders strayed
In many a soft and wayward tress—
The fairest ever seen—
When I was one-and-twenty, Mag,
And you were seventeen.

Though gently changing time, Maggie,
Has touched you in his flight,
Your voice has still the old sweet tone,
Your eye the old love-light;
And years can never, never change
The heart you gave, I ween,
When I was one-and-twenty, Mag,
And you were seventeen.

A Simple, but Truthful Sketch.

It was the fifteenth of April, 1863; how long to look forward to—thirteen years—how short in retrospect. And how little did I realize how soon our pleasant walks would cease, and her weary feet be resting in the quiet kirk-yard.

I had written my cheeks into a fever, and was now holding my throbbing head with my hands, vainly assaying to concentrate my thoughts sufficiently to pen my accustomed Observer article, when the door opposite my sanctum unclosed, and Mother's young cheery voice called, "Come, Laura, lay aside your pen for awhile, and we will take a walk." Gladly I accepted the kind invitation, and wrapping ourselves warmly, for there was rather a high north wind, we sallied forth on our excursion. We entered upon the main street and our enjoyment at the same time, the quiet of which extends in a westerly direction through the little hamlet where we resided.

We sauntered leisurely up the street in quiet enjoyment, the brown ground decked here and there with the green springing grass; and the towering pine forests were pleasing to both heart and eye.

We next crossed the street and entered a by-lane, at the termination of which stood a large, old-fashioned, unpainted house, which, on inquiry, I learned was the very one in which Dea. Goodrich was murdered by the Indians nearly a hundred years since. I had never, I believed, obtained other than a comparatively distant view of it until now, and was inly pleased and highly gratified with my close proximity to it. As we wended our way through brown tracts of land, and by forest trees, my mind was busily engaged with thoughts concerning it. Nearly one hundred years ago, somewhat short in the retrospect, a party of savages with stealthy tread, their minds intent on mischief, and with murder in their hearts, crept along in the deepening twilight towards that peaceful home. It was Sabbath evening and the good man had gathered his family around him, and was kneeling at his family devotions. O, what words were trembling on his lips when the leaden bullets sought his heart? How little did he think when he bowed in prayer how soon that prayer would be turned to praise; how soon his spirit would be winging its way to its God.

And he fell not alone; his faithful companion, partner of his joys and sorrows, and two children also, sank beneath the murderous assault. I saw the window through which the bullets sped on their death errand, and gazed at it with no little interest. Even now the scene rises vividly before me. The calm Sabbath evening, those savages, I hear the low-voiced prayer, the sharp report the dying groans, the shrieks uprising—the terror, consternation—all. What terror must have seized the hearts of the inhabitants of the town. Deacon Goodrich, his wife and children, were interred on an adjoining farm.

Our walk was very pleasant, and we obtained rest at two dwellings which we passed on our way, returning home through evergreen forests and wide fields, gathering cones and red cup-moss.

How these thoughts—thoughts of the past—throng upon me, of the time when we dwelt together in sweet companionship, in the brown bird's-nest cottage; and I thank God for that Home "not made with hands eternal in the heavens," into whose family circle Death can never enter.—*Fireside Fan*

SUNBEAMS.

An honest meal cannot be made from a boned turkey.

"You have lost your little hatchet," is the polite way of telling a man what he is, when he is one.

No "W" in the Spanish language. How in the world do they get along without wittles, wine or women?

Rhode Island people never write letters to places within the State. When they want anything they "holle."

"Big long-legged man don't always sometimes get ahead of little boy," is Chinese for "The race is not always to the swift."

A bachelor mentions the fact that the scratch of a female baby is always more sudden and treacherous than that of a male baby.

John Smith, a hod carrier of Boston died lately. At the last moment he muttered, "Telegraph that another Boston man is gone."

It was Plutarch, we believe, who remarked that railroad accidents are called o'lam-itous affairs, because the engineers are always by valves.

"Jack, how do you like the rector's daughter?" "Don't know; I've always seen her drunk?" "What! the rector's daughter drunk?" "No; I."

Jinks hid his wife's shoes to keep her at home. Mrs. Jinks went to the auction, and when Jinks went home to find his boots they were not there. It's no use.

"Sixteen drams make one drink," mused a drug clerk, one night, as he tried, to open the store door with his watch key, "Hang me if I remember the rest of the table!"

Georgio—"There! that nasty cat is on the table again. I never saw such a greedy cat." Johnnie (five years old, indignantly)—"Well, I just wouldn't never run down my own cat."

"No man was better inoculated to prejudice pork than my husband was," says Mrs. Partington. "He knew what good hogs were, he did; he had been brought up with 'em from childhood."

A few nights ago a rural lodger at the Wyoming House, Saranton, blew out the gas in his room. In the morning they found him fully inflated and sailing gracefully around near the ceiling waiting for a chance to go up.

Cornwallis, N. C., has a lady teacher who kisses the first boy who gets to school in the morning, and the small boys are crowded out of school by children of a larger growth, who roost on the fences all night so as to be up early.

"You read I suppose, and would like a paper," said a philanthropic traveler to a negro sitting next to him in a car. "Yes sah," was the reply. "What paper would you abreck?" "Well, marse, ef you chews, I'll take a paper of tub-backer."

Visitor—Can I see Dr. Jones? Servant—No, sir; he's not at home, sir! Visitor—Could I see his—er—deputy? Servant—Please, sir, you'd better wait till master comes home, as I don't know where it is, and he don't like his things meddled with.

"Billy how did you lose your finger?" "Easy enough," said Billy. "I suppose you did—but how?" "I guess you'd lost yourn if it had been where mine was." "That don't answer my question." "Well if you must know, I had to cut it off, or steal the trap."

"Whose portrait was dot?" asked a Teuton of his friend, as they were going through a picture gallery. "That? Henry Clay," was the reply. "Henry Clay?" "Yes, to be sure; you must have heard of the great Henry Clay." "O, der great cigar man," said he, after a moment's reflection.

Mr. Gladstone, the distinguished English statesman, said in a recent address that hand labor is better paid in England than head labor. Same thing over here, William. A prize-fighter will make more money pounding his fellow men black and blue, than a goat can earn by butting them clear across the street five or six times a day.

A Virginia railroad was made to pay \$25 for killing a valuable rooster. The engineer said he blew the whistle as kindly as possible; but when the rooster dropped one wing on the ground, raised his eye heavenward and commenced whetting his spur on the rail, forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and he let drive into him with thirteen cars.

Extravagance everywhere! Philip Sloan, a conductor on the Pennsylvania Railroad, couldn't think of any other way to make waste, and so put his head out of the caboose and knocked off the top of an iron switch-rod as his train went by. The rod was ruined; and as Sloan is around laughing about the matter, Tom Scott is expected to take it out of his wages.

A Fort Madison man went into his cow stable the other day, and, by mistake, mixed her up a nice mash in a box full of saw-dust instead of bran. The cow, merely supposing the hard times had come and they were all going to economize, meekly ate her supper, and that man never discovered his mistake until the next morning, when he milked that cow, and she let down half-a-gallon of turpentine, a quart of shoe-pegs, and a bundle of laths.

This man was seated in front of the old-fashioned fire-place, warming the sole of his left foot. An old darkey went to warm, and as he turned to go out he met another shivering one coming in. "Needn't go dar to warm, Jim." "Why so?" "Kase dat man from Cincinnati done histed his foot and kivered up de fire. 'Sides dat, its gwine to take de mos' o' de day for him to git dat one foot warm enough to set it on de ground." And they went ez.

Spice Box.

Fair Play.—Young Mistress—It's your Sunday out next week, Jane, is it not? Jane—Lor, mum! why you've forgotten; it's yours!

Why should the bee-hive be taken as a symbol of industry? Not a bee is to be seen all the winter long, while the cockroach is up at five o'clock in the morning, and never goes to bed till midnight. Let's change this thing.

We've suspected for some time past that measures would have to be taken to check the alarmingly rapid growth of the Smith family. And here now, sure enough, a Pennsylvania man proposes to exhibit at the Centennial a "Smith roller and crusher."

"You have a considerable floating population in this village, haven't you?" asked a stranger of one of the citizens of a village on the Mississippi. "Well, yes—rather," was the reply. "About half the year the water is up to the second-story windows."

Alcohol as a stimulant has been discontinued for the last three years by the Wrexham Union Board of Guardians in England. They substituted beef tea, milk and eggs where pauper inmates needed extra nourishment, and have thus not only saved six shillings annually per head, but the health of the paupers has greatly improved.

The Governor of Georgia has spent \$7000 more than his salary during his term of office in defraying the expenses of official duties and courtesies.

A good way to restore a man apparently drowned is to first dry him thoroughly, inside and out, and then clap a speaking-trumpet to his ear and inform him that his mother-in-law is dead.

In England a railroad is not permitted to cross a thoroughfare on a level, except by a special permit from Parliament, and then a gatekeeper must be always on duty. Generally it is cheaper to build a bridge than to pay steady wages.

The new Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, has established active branches in most of the large cities of the United States. In Oakland, Cal., a four-year-old child used in circus feats has been rescued, and another in Washington.

A mother writes: "How can I prevent my little boy from weeing out the knees of his pants?" There are two ways—either let the horse-cars run over the little boy, or give his pants to some other little boy who has none.

The editor of the *Record*, Nelson, Kt., acknowledges the gift from a subscriber of "a beautiful pet rattlesnake."

William Graham kept moving on roller skates in Louisville twenty-four consecutive hours with only twenty-six minutes of rest.

Theodore Tilton and daughters are thinking of spending a portion of the summer at Salisbury Beach.

Pittsburgh has a large glass and crystal manufactory, which employs skilled laborers imported directly from Europe.

A number of Chinamen have leased 20,000 acres of land in Solano county, Cal., and will employ coolies to work it.

An English settler in Cape Colony, South Africa, has in four years cleared \$125,000 by raising ostriches and selling their feathers.

A few days ago a jury in the Western wilds gave the following verdict in a case of suicide:—"We find the deceased was a fool."

We are asked to believe that a Springfield, Ill., man drank on a wager four gallons of water in half an hour, and at another time two gallons in eighty-four seconds.

A book agent who has retired from active labor upon the hard earned accumulation of a life of industrious cheek, says that the great secret of his success was when he went to a house where the female head of the family presented herself, he always opened by saying: "I beg your pardon, miss, but it was your mother I wanted to see." That always used to get 'em. They not only subscribed for my books themselves, but told me where I could find more customers.

A gentleman, on entering his household the other day, was agreeably surprised on being informed by his wife that she had a health lift in the parlor. He stripped himself for practice, but was taken down a peg or two when he ascertained that the lift was in the shape of a huge parlor stove which the lady wished her dear husband to carry to the attic.

Madam D'Atalie, the strong woman who exhibited in Barium's Hippodrome show, has been married to Nat Austin, the clown. Both are in California with a circus.

The *Washington Republican*, with tears in its eyes, says: "One of the saddest things to contemplate just now is the large number of persons in this country who have no relations in Philadelphia."

The Sunday question—are they going to take up a collection?

(From the Fireside Favorite.)

Wedding Verses.

Written by request, on the receipt of Wedding Cake, and attached to the Bride and Bridegroom.

Bring flowers, sweet flowers, for the bride's fair brow,
The lily as chaste and as pure as the snow,
The rose and the jasmine to wreath in her hair,
They are not fairer than she is fair;
Bring the pearl-tinted orange bloom from Southern lands,
To bind with the myrtle in starry bands.

She is bending low at the altar now,
With her trusting eye and her placid brow,
And her heart, in prayer, ascends to the skies,
That these holiest bonds, the sacred ties,
May never be severed till both together
Shall cross Death's dark and flowing river.

Dear friends of mine I bring to you
My wishes rich and rare,
Long life and health, contentment, too,
This, this shall be my prayer.
May earthly comfort be your lot,
And earthly happiness,
If God so wills it, but if not,
Still may He deign to bless.

Bless both your basket and your store,
Reign peace and harmony
Within your dwelling—and your door
Ne'er close 'gainst poverty.

And in the early morn of life,
In the fresh dew of youth,
Yield both your hearts in sacrifice
Unto the God of Truth.

God's blessing with you, friends of mine,
His love by night and day,
His sweet companionship till both
Pass up the shining way.

LAURA GRAHAM.

Hillside Lodge.

A young lady at Newark, Ia., has recovered damages from the estate of a suitor who committed suicide upon being called upon to fulfill his promise to marry her. The court held that the suicidal act under the circumstances was a deliberate breach of promise for which his estate might be held liable. There was no plea of insanity.

"Is it becoming to me?" asked she, as she paraded in the costume of a hundred years before the man who is not her lord and master, but her husband. "Yes, my dear," said he, meekly. "Don't you wish I could dress this way all the time?" she asked. "No, my dear," he answered, "but I wish you had lived when that was the style."

It seems that a pair of Chicago bed-bugs, having passed aboard Dan Pedro's clipper bag, and reached San Francisco in perfect safety. In two days thereafter the city was overrun, and the inhabitants, attributing the plague to Chinese immigration, are loudly clamoring for a massacre of the Chow Chows.

Mrs. Willoughby sues Patrick Grady, in Pittsburgh, for kissing her in the street. Patrick sues her for striking him after the kiss.

Grocery Store,

—AT THE—

COR. OF FOSTER AND SUMMER STS

THE Subscriber thanks his friends for their past and present patronage, and respectfully inviting others to call and see his assortment of

CHOICE GROCERIES
COUNTRY PRODUCE

AND THE BEST GRADES OF
FLOUR

IN THE MARKET, AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

PASSAGE TO AND FROM IRELAND.

He is also Agent for the sale of Passage Tickets to and from Ireland, England, Scotland, etc., by the various Lines sailing from Liverpool and Cork, by the way of New York or Boston direct.

Sight Drafts of \$1 and upwards, payable in England, Ireland or Scotland, for sale at the lowest rates of Exchange.

Also, Passage Tickets to and from California by the Pacific Mail Steamship Co.'s Line, for sale.

JOHN LINEHAN.

Peabody, February 27th, 1867.

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GAS, STEAM

WATER PIPE FITTER

PLUMBER.

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WM. A. SMITH,

No. 9 Main St., Peabody.

CUSTOMERS attended to promptly, in the best style of the art. Particular attention paid to Cutting Ladies' and Children's Hair. Constantly on hand—Paper Cuffs and Collars, Neck Ties, Bosoms, Perfumeries, Hair Oils, Pomades, Tooth and Hair Brushes, Cosmetics, Hair Dressing Soap, all of the best quality and at the lowest prices.

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Goods marked in plain figures.
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